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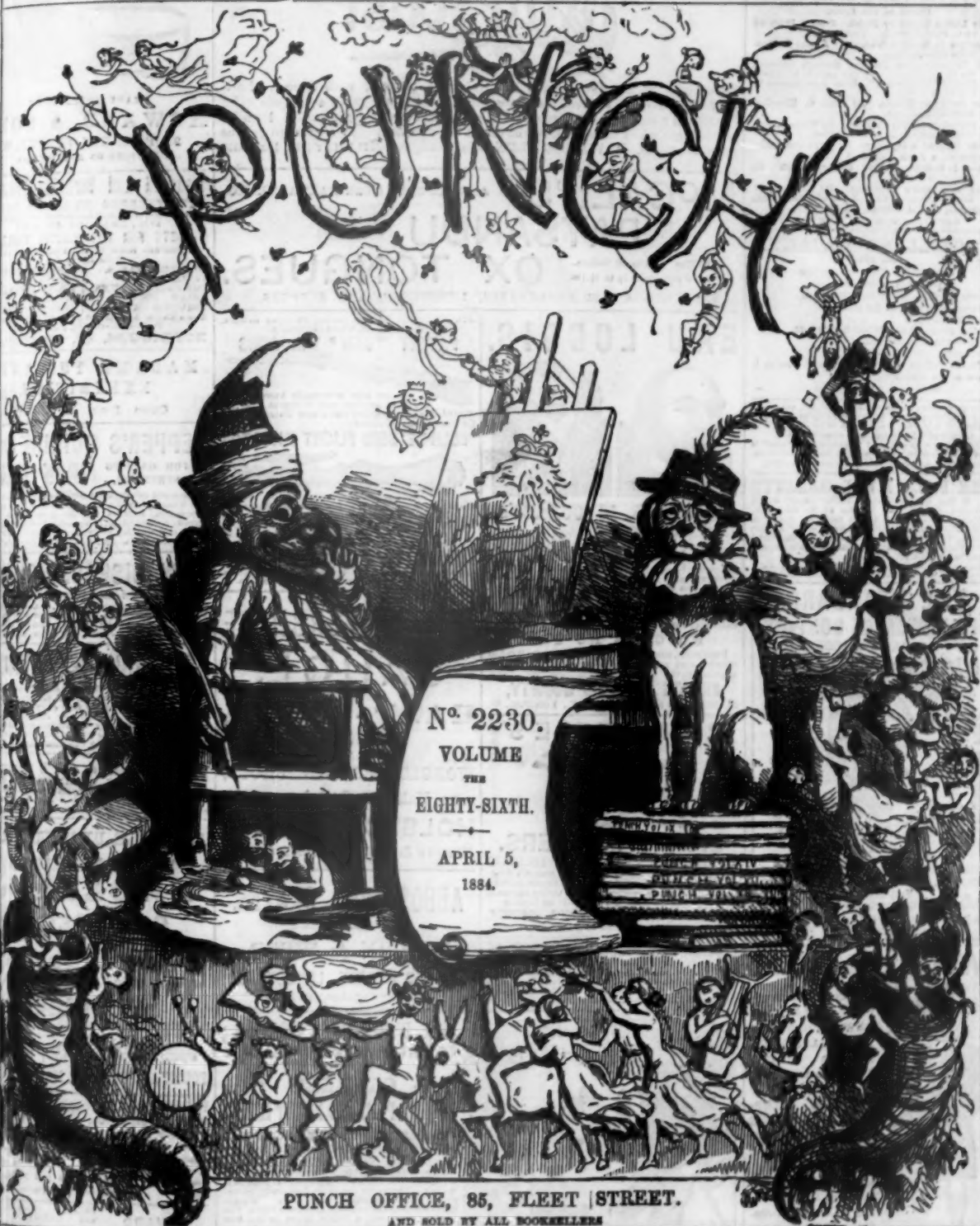
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### AS IT IS, AND—AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

A Legal Tragi-Comedy in a Prologue and one short Act.

#### PROLOGUE.

SCENE—Inner Sanctum in the Offices of an old-established Firm of respectable Solicitors doing a very large leading business. Bland Head of Firm discovered surrounded by all the outward signs of well-sustained and successful litigation. Enter a Raving Influential Client in tatters, off his head with worry, grief, and disappointment, carrying a carpet-bag.

Bland Head of Firm (placidly). Ha! Mr. BOLDOVER! here again, and so soon? Well, my dear Sir, pray what can we do for you now? Raving Influential Client (with a cry of frenzy). What can you do for me now? Ha! ha! ha! I'll soon let you know. Look at that! (Opens carpet-bag, and empties a pile of writs, summonses, and other aggressive legal instruments on to the table.) And that isn't all. I was pursued here by Bailiffs! (Rushes to the window.) See! There are fifteen of them even now lurking hidden among the scanty-leaved evergreens of the Square, ready to pounce out on me the moment I set my foot on the other side of this accursed threshold! (Falls backward into a waste-paper basket in a fit.)

Bland Head of Firm (surveying him reflectively). And yet we not only advised him wisely, but after a few appeals got him his verdict. Surely he ought to be a thoroughly satisfied if not a solvent man.

Raving Influential Client (in an interval of consciousness—wildly). Tell me, fiend in human shape—for being my Solicitor you are a fiend in human shape—how it comes that once being wealthy and a man of substance I have come to this! (Displays his tatters.)

Bland Head of Firm. My dear Sir, it is obvious. You felt it was necessary, in the face of a grave civil injury, to have recourse to the protection of your country's law,—nay, we, a little interested in making something out of you, advised you to such a course,—and you are, as a natural consequence of taking that advice, after being harassed by the requisite litigation, landed safely in the gutter a beggared and broken man.

Raving Influential Client. And I was in easy circumstances! Is justice then in England a luxury that means ruin even to the rich?

Bland Head of Firm. It is! Raving Influential Client (springing out of the waste-paper basket with a yell). Then, tell me—social leech,—the poor, who can not afford to refresh and to retain Counsel and feed the crew of sharks and harpies who live by the organised system of robbery that exists in this country under the name of legal procedure,—they can have no justice at all!

Bland Head of Firm. None, my dear Sir, whatever! Raving Influential Client (going mad). None! Ha! ha! Ho! ho! Then three cheers for a pauper—and here goes for the fifteen Bailiffs. But, mark me—(jumping out of window)—a day will come!—

Bland Head of Firm (smiling pleasantly, as he descends). Indeed? I doubt it! But now to sell up the Duke.

[Strikes a silver bell, as the Curtain falls.]

A hundred years are supposed to have elapsed.

The Scene represents the Official Room in the Government Advising Solicitor's Office. Advising Solicitor discovered at his post hearing cases. Enter a Public Client.

Advising Solicitor (disposing of last applicant for advice). And now, please, will you state your case as briefly and concisely as possible?

Public Client. Certainly. My next-door neighbour started a steam dynamo, and the action shaking down my chimney-pots through the roof on to my children's heads in the nursery, I remonstrated. He then, annoyed at my interference, blew up his boiler, and drove my drawing-room wall by the force of the explosion clean into the study of the house on the farther side. Remonstrating again, and finding it useless, I then took the law into my own hands, and retaliated by letting off expensive fireworks all night among the orchids in his conservatory. He then asked me for damages, which I declined, upon which he called for an explanation. Treating this as a forcible entry, I had him thrown back into his own premises over the garden wall. (The next day he replied by waiting till I came out and hitting me over the head with a heavy banjo, and on my taking him up and placing him in his own cistern, he followed me downstairs, and broke my arm with a blow from the umbrella-stand. In the evening I removed his area-palings and threw empty stout-bottles at him whenever I got a chance. Upon this he has this evening written to a local paper and libelled me by accusing me of murder, and has, moreover, hired a permanent German band of three to play all night and day inside my house whenever the street-door is opened. Under these circumstances, I have thought it better to go to law, but, as I have two hundred and seventeen witnesses and the case is somewhat involved, I am afraid it will be very protracted and expensive.

Advising Solicitor. Not in the least. Merely the usual fees. It will cost you £1 1s. 9d. That is fifteen shillings for the Judge who hears the case, five for the Government lawyer told off to take it up for you, ninepence for the usher, and one shilling for myself.

Public Client. Dear me, that is really very moderate, but I haven't a halfpenny to pay it with.

Advising Solicitor. Indeed! then all you have to do is to fill up this (gives him a form) and it will be charged to the rates.

Public Client. Capital! But I suppose, being a complicated case, it will not come on for some months?

Advising Solicitor. On the contrary, it will be settled by to-morrow afternoon.

Public Client (brightly). Thanks. Ha! They manage things now better than they did one hundred years ago!

Advising Solicitor. Really? You don't say so? [Bows him out pleasantly as Curtain falls.]



## FOREWARNED.

*Good Samaritan (to Friend, who, we are sorry to say—). "I'LL SEE YOU HOME."*  
*Culprit. "SHEE ME HOME! MUN, YE DINNA KEN MA WIFE! YOU'LL CA'CH IT!"*  
*[Offer thought better of.]*

## IN RE MATRIMONY RATHER MIXED.

*(Being Additional Suggestions for embodiment in Professor Bryce's "Unfortunate Infants Bill.")*

1. A MOTHER shall have the power to appoint by deed or will that her Husband shall wash all the Children under the age of three.
2. A Father may direct his Wife to accompany her Sons (until they reach the age of one-and-twenty) on any visit to a music-hall they may undertake, after the hour of nine in the evening.
3. A Mother may require her Husband to wheel any perambulator between the hours of ten in the morning and six in the afternoon.
4. A Father may call upon his Wife to give instruction in smoking to any Son who shall attain the age of fourteen.
5. A Mother may order her Husband to dress the hair of any Daughter after that Daughter shall have reached the age of sixteen.
6. A Father may insist upon his wife giving practical instructions to any Son elected to the Gun Club, in pigeon-shooting.
7. A Mother may desire her Husband to serve the nursery dinner.
8. A Father may cause his Wife to instruct her Sons in athletics, inclusive of lofty tumbling, fencing, and the use of the dumb-bells.
9. A Mother may expect her Husband to mend all the Children's clothes.
10. A Father may advise his Wife to teach the Children mixed mathematics.

*And Additional Clause (inserted by the Shrieking Sisterhood).—*For the purposes of this Act, every Man shall become a Husband, but shall not marry any Woman who has not reached the age of, at least, five-and-forty.

Mrs. RAMSDOTHAM heard her Nephew observe that a certain leader of modern thought has been named among the master spirits who "dare to march in the van of modern progress." "Ah!" said his Aunt, "I suppose that's what they call 'poetic licence,' because it certainly isn't fact. You ride in a van, you don't march in it. But, there, Poets will say anything!"

## ENDYMION IMPROVED.

*(From the Scientific Point of View.)*

"Our civil engineers are doing a great work by surrounding the minds of the people from their birth until their death with the symbols of the scientific faith."—*Professor Huxley at the Banquet of the Institution of Civil Engineers.*

SYMBOLS of Science are a joy for ever.  
 Their pregnancy increases, they shall never  
 Pass into prettiness, but still will keep  
 Their hideousness whether we wake or sleep.  
 They haunt our dreams, like nightmares check our  
 breathing,  
 Dull fancy which, with fine fantastic wreathing,  
 Of flowery whims would beautify the earth,  
 Spite of bad climate, of the man-caused dearth  
 Of Nature's gifts, of London's gloomy days,  
 Of the mud-cumbered and fog-darkened ways  
 Made for our plodding in; but spite of all  
 Symbols of Science shall retain the pall  
 On our dark spirits. Such, in glare of June,  
 The Railway Station, a most blessed boon  
 For simple folk; and such are monster bills  
 And the blank walls they sprawl on; the sharp shrills  
 Of railway whistles, and the row they make  
 With snorting steam and the continuous brake;  
 The girder-bridges and the bald blank domes,  
 And belching blow-holes. Oh, not all the tomes  
 Of doctrine written by the pious dead,  
 All creeds that we have ever heard or read,  
 So nourish "faith" as gloom, and row, and stink—  
 At least so Science hints. What do you think?

EMPLOYMENT FOR MASHERS!—The following, from the *Daily Free Press* (Aberdeen, March 24), might be posted up over the Stall Entrance at the Gaiety Theatre!—

COMPETENT MANAGER Wanted for Highland Distillery. Must Engage to take Entire Charge, and personally do the Mashing. Salary, £160.

Here's an opportunity! Don't all speak at once! The Highland Lassies are anxiously waiting to see who "accepts the situation."

MARCH came in like a lamb, rather fresh. Then it was hot lamb, then lukewarm lamb, and then most decidedly cold lamb.

## THE ACTRESS AND HER SUITORS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—There is not the least particle of truth in the rumour that Miss MARY ANDERSON is about to be married to Mr. GLADSTONE, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir ROBERT PEEL, the Governor of the Bank of England, Lord WOLSELEY, Lord TENNYSON, the Master of Balliol, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Colonel FRED BURWABY, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Marquis of BUTE, the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Captain BURTON, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the LORD MAYOR, Baron ROTHSCHILD, Lord HENRY LENNOX, Mr. SPURGEON, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Mr. MARRIOTT, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, or the Maharajah DULEEP SINGH. I must beg you at once to deny all or any of these rumours which have, in some unaccountable fashion, gained currency. I happen to know that many of the above-mentioned are married men,—and so their pretensions are out of the question; and, moreover, I also happen to know that the accomplished American Actress has long been engaged to yours most faithfully,

THE ONLY ONE SHE EVER LOVED.

DUBIOUS.—Of course we mustn't say anything *pendente lite*, but we cannot help calling the attention of our readers to Lord COLERIDGE's statement, as reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* last Friday, when, "On their Lordships taking their seats, the Lord Chief Justice said:—"I am sorry to be obliged to say that the Court is not in a condition to-day to pass sentence in this case."

What did this mean? The Court "not in a condition to pass sentence"! As the song has it, "So early in the morning!"

THE East wind has been cruelly bad during the last part of Lent, but what will it be when it's Easter!!

TORY MOTTO.—"The Wiggist goes to the wall."



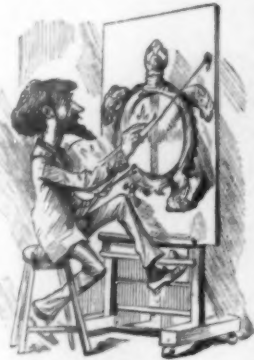
THE MARCH PAST.



## DOING THE STUDIOS.

(Our Extra-Special "NIBBS" sends us the following account of his praiseworthy endeavours to anticipate all other Journalists in their "Rounds of the Studios.")

WHERE Art, where Royal Academical Art is concerned, I wouldn't be behind-hand—no, not for worlds. Wait for Show



Painter and Turtle.

Sunday, indeed! Wait for the crowd which makes the airiest studio stuffy, so that with a headache I remember the day as the *Qu'd' fait Show Sunday!* Not for NIBBS! So, determined to be first in the field of Literature and Art, I went a round of the Studios on my own day,—for I have a day in the week all to myself, though it has not as yet been mentioned in the Calendar.

I wanted to take the Artists by surprise. If they expect a distinguished visitor, they can't help posing, it's in their artistic nature. They can't help assuming a sort of a *nonchalant*, easy, careless, smoking-coaty, happy-go-lucky air, as much as to say, "Painting a trouble! not a bit! at least, not to a Genius, you know."

Lor bless you! I just knock off these little canvases 86 x 94, with a pipe in my mouth, after breakfast, and, if not quite finished, then I have another turn at 'em when I come in to dress,—just a wash-in and paint-brush up, so to speak,—before dinner! "Ars longa!" exclaims JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. "Pooh! 'Ars brevis—price longer,'—that's the true reading nowadays," and mighty angry is he with the Government for having retracted the offer of a reward for OSMAN DIGNA's head.

"Why," says JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, "I'd ha' gone out to the Soudan, wherever that may be,—I don't know much about these places,—and have taken old OSMAN's head with pleasure, if the Government had only put a good price on it. Not under three 'thou,' my boy, money down, travelling expenses included."

He didn't expect me, and when I had rushed past the servant, who, thinking I was the water-rate and gas collector, or the tax-gatherer, nearly fainted in the hall while I bounded up the stairs to the studio, and looked in from behind the curtain, I found JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS hard at work, with his nose down to the picture, and groaning and sighing as if he were cursing the day on which he had taken to Art. Then, when I said "Booh!" suddenly, he gave such a start, that bang went the brush on to the canvass with a splotch, and out went the eye of a portrait that had taken him many weary weary months to get anything like right.

"How you startled me!" stammered the great Post-Raphaelite. "I—I—I—didn't, you see,—ex—ex—pect you—and ha! ha!—I'm not quite—" and he looked round in vain for his pipe, and his artistically daubed old easy coat. But unable to find his regular studio properties, he vainly attempted to assume his usual cheery, hearty, anyhow-take-it-or-leave-it-you-know manner.

"Found you in!" I cried, with an emphasis on the last word which conveyed my meaning perfectly.

"I'll show you my Pictures, if you please, Sir," said JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, humbly. "But don't—don't tell what they are, and I'll give you one of them to take away with you."

I was not to be bribed. I gave a look round. "Come!" I said, "show me your *chef-d'œuvre*. Out with it!"

"Well, I was on it when you came in," he explained; "but you made me put his eye out, and—and—I shall never get it done in time." And here he broke down, and sobbed like a child.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, "give me the dagger!—I mean the brush." And then approaching the picture—But here I pause. I own I was deeply affected by that grand work of Art, even with the eye out. It was life-like. "You've only dotted an eye," I observed pleasantly. "And," I added, as with a whisk of the dry brush (a trick unknown to English Artists, but which I had learnt in the studio of old GAMMONTO DE SPINACCIO in my Roman student days), I removed the splotch and uncovered the damaged eye, "as you hadn't got this quite right"—

"I see!" he cried, with all the rapture of veritable inspiration, "I see! Only leave me alone with it, and call again in another hour. Genius can take a hint—"

"And give one," I observed with that innate modesty which alone is true nobility. "I will call in again about luncheon-time, and

mind you have it finished by then. Don't trouble yourself to come to the door. I know my way about."

The maid, pale and scared, was in the hall. As the door banged behind me, I fancied I heard a muttered threat, a tearful apology, and a month's notice. But as it occurred to me that I should be looking in there again at luncheon-time, I did not turn back to explain. I had forgotten to take Notes of the Pictures. But this was a detail.

Thence to High Art Row, the residence of J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. It was formerly an old monastery, and has never been restored,—at least not to the people to whom it originally belonged. Of course it has been renovated; but the old hinges, the old iron chains, the old Caen stone and thirteenth century bricks are as they were left by the last old Prior, who was known as 'Prior to the Reformation.' The ancient postern-gate was formidably barred and bolted, and, by an odd coincidence, the bell sounded one,—the universal luncheon-hour,—just as I surveyed the grill, the sight of which, from the associations conjured up by its name, I own made me feel decidedly hungry.

Above the doorway are curious slits in the wall, through which the defenders of the castle (before it became a monastery) used to pour down molten lead on visitors' heads, which was one of the practical jokes of the period when our land was known as "Merrie England." Through these slits I fancy I was being "observed," as they say on the Stage, because I had to ring three times before anyone answered the summons, and then the door wasn't unbarred, but only the little wicket was opened, and somebody's nose (most mysterious this! and a good title for a Christmas tale of horror,—*Somebody's Nose!*) appeared at the grill.

It was a nose with a cold too,—a violent cold,—as, after the tip had been exposed to the air for half a second, it had to be withdrawn and blown.

"A game of 'tip and run,'" I said, cheerily, supposing it to be my old friend J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., at the wicket.

"What do you want?" asked a gruff voice, which at the moment I did not recognise.

"To see your pictures," I replied.

"Can't be done," answered the voice most unmusically, though it was speaking through several bars. "Ain't got none. Not at home."

"But," I expostulated, "who is it speaking—HORSLEY?"

"Speaking hoarsely!" retorted the gruff voice, "so would you if you had such a beastly cold as I've got," and the wicket was slammed violently in my face, just as the speaker seemed to be succumbing to a fearful paroxysm of coughing.

"He must have mistaken me for somebody else," I argued with myself, as I took my way to Sir F. LEIGHTON'S.

"Is Sir FREDERICK the Great at home?" I inquired pleasantly of the Grecian Butler who guards the first portico.

"No, Sir FREDERICK is not."

"Not to me!" I exclaimed.

"Not to you," was the rejoinder.

I was staggered; but just at that moment the sound of a familiar voice, rising and falling in measured cadence like the soothing monotone of the poluphoisbuoyant sea, fell on my ears as it was borne towards me by the waves of sound, over the sands of time, from some inner sanctum, and these words were distinctly audible: "Your Imperial Majesty, your Royal Highnesses, your Serene Transparencies, your Excellencies, my Lords, and Gentlemen,—It would ill become me whom the rich afterglow of a manysided idyllic banquet and the unyielding strength of the superfluous Bacchus delight (*cheers*), to dilate on the—"

And here the voice died away, and once more I found myself alone with the Grecian Butler, who was now in an attitude of rapt ecstasy under the first portico.

"I will not disturb Sir FREDERICK," I murmured, in a whisper. "I know he is practicing his speech for the Academy Banquet, and if he is not a quick study, the five weeks he has got before him to do it in will have passed before he has mastered the sentiments for the third toast."

So I noiselessly withdrew. The fragrance of the myrtle and orange groves with which Sir FREDERICK'S house is surrounded had increased my appetite to a considerable extent, and I was therefore not ill-pleased at remembering that a short walk would bring me to the residence of Mr. VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., whose hospitable door was open, and a coloured servant was at the moment taking in several packages of evidently very good things, all covered up, which were being handed out of a confectioner's cart.

"Aha!" I exclaimed, cheerily, "just in time, eh?" and nodding to the Retired Maharajah, who gave up a kingdom and any amount of loot to come and serve "SAHIB VAL," and whose devoted attachment is the theme of many a curious and interesting story, I was about to divest myself of my shoes (a custom on which the retired Indian Potentate still insists as a mark of doing reverence to "SAHIB VAL"), when the faithful creature—who must have a very bad memory for faces, as I've been there any number of times before—suddenly barred my passage,—or rather VAL'S passage,—and placing

his hand on a jewelled dagger, which the Artist still allows him to wear in his belt (a great pity, I think, as if he loses his temper he is decidedly dangerous), he uttered some words in his native tongue which, though I have not spoken Hindustanee for years, I immediately understood to mean that "his master was not at home to anyone."

"Not to me?" I protested.

No; the Sahib was not even in to me. The Sahib was busy. "Is he giving a party?" I inquired, carrying on the conversation in his own language, which returned to me quite easily after the first minute or so.

No; the Sahib was not giving a party. He was tasting cake-samples from BRIDGEMAN'S.

The truth flashed across me. What I had seen announced in the papers was true! I should have liked to assist him, but the Ex-Maharajah was inexorable, and so was BRIDGEMAN'S man, who refused to let me see even one of the sugar ornaments.

Just then the tom-tom sounded.

"I must go, and so must you," the Maharajah said, sternly, showing his gleaming teeth, and half-drawing his dagger, as, pointing towards the door, he stamped thrice with his foot, and from behind some low arabesque work, where he had been concealed, there crawled forth a small Dwarf Snake-Charmer, accompanied by several of his favourite reptiles, all alive-oh, and made towards me.

The Exiled Maharajah had disappeared, and so had BRIDGEMAN'S man, and as I had never met the Dwarf Snake-Charmer before, I thought it more prudent to bow as politely as was possible under the circumstances and retire, but not before my sharp eye had detected a small triangular packet, which my hand was quick enough to seize. It was cake—real wedding cake! and oddly enough wrapped up in a page of the Academy Catalogue for 1883, and, while eating the cake, and wishing my old friend health and happiness, I ran my eye over the list of last year's pictures, among which I found "No. 414. 'Returning after the Honeymoon.' VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A."

All wedding cake and no wine makes JACK NIBBS a dry boy, and the question was where should I go for the necessary refreshment. "Let me see," I said to myself. I must have several artistic friends within a stone's throw—the expression was an inspiration, for it suddenly occurred to me that MARCUS STONE'S, A.R.A., was just round the corner, the very corner-stone, in fact, on which I would build my hopes.

To arrive at his door and ring the bell was the work of a moment. To get the bell answered was the work of some minutes, during which time I deliberated within myself whether it wouldn't be as well to announce myself under a feigned name (to take him all the more by surprise), and not to run any risk of a refusal this time,—(for a true Artist scents the Critic afar off, and cries "Aha!")—and so when the door was opened by a comely maiden, in the costume of MARIE ANTOINETTE, I said, without inquiry for Mr. MARCUS STONE, "My *zimmer-mädchen*, in me you see a Burchaser of Pictures. Behold—I come to see ze works of ze Great Master MARCUS, wiz one, doo, dree towsand Bound in my Boeket!" And immediately she showed me upstairs to the studio. As I ascended that staircase, there went up with me a sweet savour from either the kitchen or the dining-room, and I regretted that piece of cake.

I wished I had not touched it—I wished I had not eaten it at all. I was wishing I had never seen it—when, suddenly—the whole studio seemed to swim round—and in another moment I should have fallen on the floor but for a friendly chair, on which I sank, only to be fetched up again by a loud shout from a familiar voice, "Take care, old chap, you're sitting on my palette!"

They sent for a cab. On reaching home I sent for a doctor. The attack was inexplicable until I heard that an Indian had been to my rooms, anxiously inquiring about a piece of cake which had been intended and carefully prepared for the Snakes, whose doom had been sealed that morning. The Ex-Maharajah brought an antidote with him, and at the same time, to make up for your disappointment in not receiving from me all the information I had intended to obtain, I forward you a few particulars, for the correctness of which I could, if necessary, vouch with my life, and, what is dearer to me than life, my honour. Here, then, are my

#### STORIES FROM THE STUDIOS.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., is at work on a classic subject, to be entitled "I dream that I dwell in Marble Halls." The smooth polished floor and pillars are absolutely perfect. I hope he will have it ready in time.

MISS CLARA MONTALBA has hit on a really original subject. It is a view of St. Mark's, Venice, as seen from the left-hand corner of the Piazza, just five minutes after sunrise. One of the celebrated Pigeons is picking up the early worm.

MR. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., sends a "single figure,"—for which he asks three figures, and it's well worth it.

MR. J. SAINT, R.A., has gone out of his line to draw what he has been pleased to call "Speaking Dolls; or, Studies from the Louther

Arcade." I fancy these will be a great success, and should encourage the Artist to persevere in this "new departure."

MR. F. GOODALL, R.A., has also ventured on entirely new ground. It is an Eastern subject, and is entitled "Egyptian Boy and Mummy."

T. FAED, R.A., sends "The Toven Crier"—a most pathetic picture.

MR. HOOK, R.A., is quite right to stick to the sea. His new work, "The Portraits of Two Buoys," will be the hit of the year.

E. J. POYNTER, R.A., contributes a Roman Banker in the time of CASSIUS.

MRS. KATE PERUGINI sends two pictures. One entitled "A Real Screamer!" is a charming portrait of a little child. As a study of repose and still life, admirable. The other is also a touching picture, with a deep moral underlying the simple pathos of the situation. It is an infant, heavily asleep in a cradle, and out of its hand has tumbled an empty bottle. Mrs. PERUGINI has called this "Beginning Early."

Animals in the Desert, stopping at a half-way house for refreshment is by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., who calls it "Lions Inn."

I congratulate Mr. A. STOREY, A.R.A., on a novelty. Instead of Cathedral interiors and endless architectural perspectives, he has thrown his whole soul into a single figure of a girl (she won't long remain single), which he has entitled "Little Poppit; or, The Pawnbroker's Daughter."

MR. MARKS, R.H., sends "Antiquarians in Cheshire, or Mite is Right." It represents two old gentlemen engaged on an old cheese. The cheese lacks finish; still it is strong.

The subject chosen by Mr. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A., has all the real charm of novelty. An old man in the costume of 1780, a young girl, an open letter, an old wall, sunlight effect on trees. Title "Will He?" It tells its own story.

SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A., sends a mythological subject several sizes larger than life, which I hear will have to be reduced by photography before it can be got out of his house,—unless the entire roof is taken off and one side pulled down,—and will then be re-enlarged by some new process before being placed in its position in Burlington House, where it will receive the last touches of the master hand. It is entitled "Jupiter Creating a Precedent." It is in Sir FREDERICK'S best style.

R. ANSDILL, R.A., goes in for High Art. Brace and a half of grouse, which have been shot by accident and left on the moors for some days. The de-composition of this picture is marvellous. The Artist names it "The Same Old Game."

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., has, for a change, chosen a mediæval subject. It is called "Hot Work, or, The Shortest Knight in Armour," June 21st, 1403.

MR. FEITH, R.A., "Much Ado about Charles the First meeting Dr. Johnson for the first time at the Academy Banquet in White-hall." The figures are all portraits. The moment selected is when the great lexicographer was introduced to CHARLES, who, on being told it was JOHNSON, replied incredulously, "JOHNSON! O WALKER!"

I have nothing more to add, but I think you will find that the first, best, and most complete information is furnished to you by your real old friend and invaluable Contributor

NIBBS.

#### A Model M.P.

WHEN they talked of their progress, improvement, and stuff,  
He blocked all their bills, snorted loud, and took snuff.

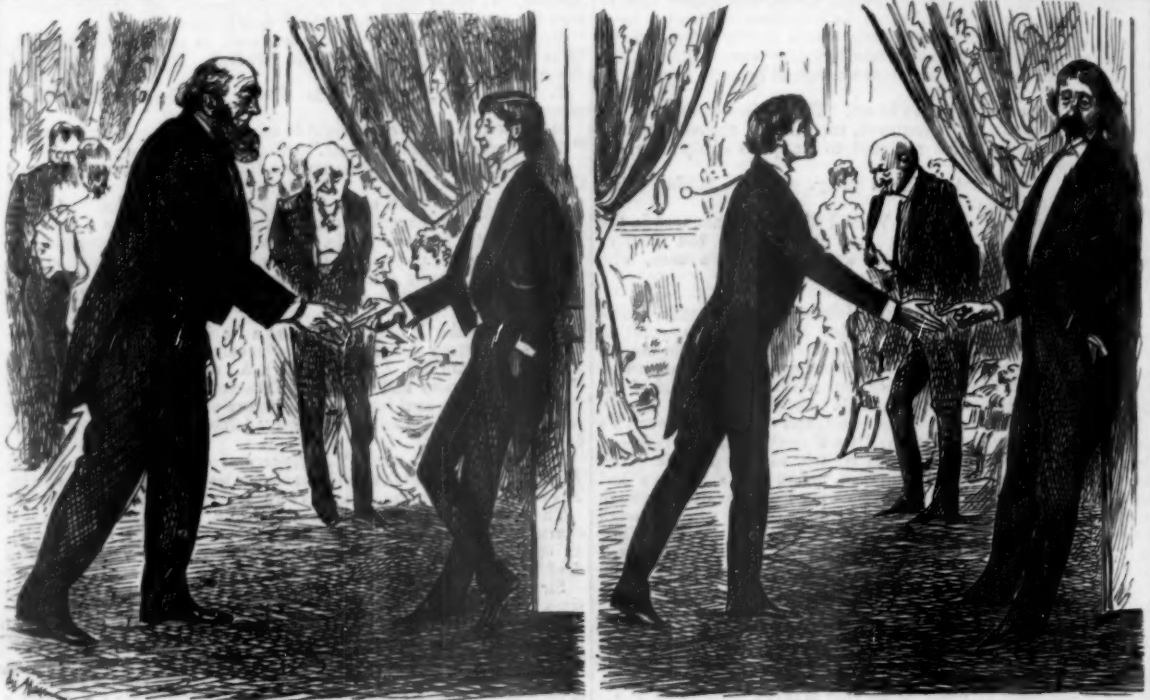
THE NEW MARINE LIFE-PRESERVER, CHAMBERLAIN'S PATENT.—The inventor of the New Apparatus for Saving Life at Sea has wisely admitted that it is not absolutely perfect, but requires modification and reconstruction. The principle of this ingenious invention is undeniably right, though, as some little difficulty lies "in the application on it," a few details will have to be re-arranged, and the balance neatly adjusted. When this is done, the apparatus, no alteration having been made in its material substance, will float on any sea, and Skippers first, then shippers afterwards, will bless the name of "Partner Jox."

#### Our Oracle; or, a Tip for the Boat-Race.

On the night before must you	Who with knowledge wit com-
Note if any breeze light blew;	bines,
If it did, the fact remark	Let him read between those lines;
To yourself, though keep it	If he does, he'll gain a lot,
dark.	If he doesn't, he will not.

"GOVERNMENT STAMPS" ALL WOULD WELCOME.—"Putting their foot down" in Egypt, and "stamping out" Obstruction, Wartonian and otherwise, at Westminster.





### "DON'T!"

ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T (JUST BECAUSE YOU HAPPEN TO BE A GREAT GENIUS, AND MEAN TO WRITE A PLAY, AND PAINT A PICTURE, AND PUBLISH A VOLUME OF POEMS) GIVE TWO FINGERS TO GOOD OLD DR. JONES, WHO BROUGHT YOU INTO THE WORLD—

AND THEN FEEL SURPRISED, AND HURT, AND INDIGNANT BECAUSE MONTEFULCIANO SMYTHE (A STILL GREATER GENIUS, WHO HAS WRITTEN A PLAY, AND PAINTED A PICTURE, AND PUBLISHED A VOLUME OF POEMS) ONLY GIVES YOU ONE!

### THE REAL PARLIAMENTARY WHIP.

*John Bull, legislator:—*

PATIENCE? In face of long continued shame  
Patience becomes dishonourably tame,  
And wrath a simple duty! I'll not pule  
Expostulations meek; 'tis mine to rule,  
When rulers of my own appointing fail,  
And in the face of faction power grows pale,  
Halts cripplewise, or blindly stumbles on,  
All purpose palsied, and all compass gone!

These beggars shame me. I am sick at soul!  
How if Leviathan amidst a shoal  
Of minnows flounders hopelessly inert?  
What boot the forces he can not exert?  
Parliament? Pooh! A scene of aimless noise,  
A show of senile dolts and wrangling boys!  
Where CHATHAM swayed, where fulminated

BURKE,  
A little lordling, with complacent smirk  
Or histrionic scowl, consumes the hours  
With farce or melodrama. Danger lours,  
Or business long-delayed attention claims?  
What matter? Faction's little soul, in flames  
With office-grubbing greed, its power must strain

To snatch by trick some petty party gain.  
Fanatic fad, still ready to upset  
The Solar System in the hope to get  
Its little whim well launched, uplifts its bray  
Like panniered Issachar and blocks the way.

They're wrong all round, and since self-righting seems  
The fondest and unlikeliest of dreams,

My hand must intervene. Think they perchance

That I have watched their motley Morris-dance  
Of loud unrule and vulgar violence,  
Empty of chivalry and void of sense,  
With tolerant eyes? I tell them, not at all!  
They're wrong all round, and now my lash shall fall

On all impartially. Eternal clack  
In vain would cover the continual lack  
Of still and steadfast wisdom. Talk! talk! talk!

The floods that laid the sandstone or the chalk,  
Held for each drop its atom, but this void  
Long wash of words is mischief unalloyed,  
Just iridescent slush, foredoomed to pass  
To sun-dried flats or end in mere morass;  
Let the firm land of purpose once appear  
From out the watery waste; the tickled ear  
Of adulation stint of "eloquence,"  
An e'en Obstruction, robbed of one pretence,  
Will limp and languish.

As for that black pest,  
That Protean plague, with what amazing zest  
I'll lay the lash upon its callous hide!  
I used to think that with an equal pride  
I might survey the Ins and Outs; but then  
Both sides were patriots and were gentlemen,  
Opposed as equal fairly fighting foes,  
And not as low attorneys or bravos.  
They've changed all that! Obstruction's  
fatal touch

Contaminating all, has proved too much  
For manners, manhood, magnanimity,  
All laws of the unwritten chivalry  
Of brave opponents in the civic lists.  
Unfair advantages, malicious twists,

The conscious sly insinuated lie,  
Webbed with some veil of specious sophistry;  
The spurious wrath and simulated scorn,—  
These are their weapons! Is it to be borne?  
Who first rebels? The well-graced scholar bland?

The high blue-blooded magnate of the land?  
The Prince of Commerce, or the alip of Rank?  
Not they! Good humour winks at Puck-like prank,

But foxy trick, small malice, manners bad,  
And all the coarse equipment of the Cad,  
Shame him who'll use them, whether Irish ehurl!

Or "noble" would-be-ape of the Great Earl.  
Shame on them all! As voluble as daws,  
Aimlessly noisy as an ass's jaws!  
The cackling Chief, the "Leader" who's so weak

As to be led by cool and callow cheek  
To wink at the dishonour of delay,  
And mutely favour what he dare not say;  
The statesman soured by shelving, whose shrill spite

With "candid" flouts prolongs the wordy fight;  
The posing patriot with his foolish flow  
Of muddled mock-heroics; the smart bean,  
Self-deemed a Cincinnatus, prising long  
Of sham dishonour and fictitious wrong;  
The crotcheter where jibbing "conscience" spends

Its heartiest kicks upon embarrassed friends:  
The Cynic who, when age long toil would crown,  
To shift a briek would bring the building down;





### THE REAL PARLIAMENTARY "WHIP."

MR. PUNCH. "GO IN, JOHN!—GIVE IT 'EM HOT ALL ROUND! THEY WON'T MOVE TILL YOU DO!!"



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The mannerless malignants, and the herd  
Of catechists as aimless as absurd;  
I know, I mark them all, and all shall learn  
Beneath long silence what fierce wrath may burn  
Against these traitors to long-honoured rule,  
Blocked by the churl, dishonoured by the fool.

Cave, adsum! Look out, my patience long  
Is at an end. Time squanderers, ware the thong!

Mr. Punch.

Right, JOHN! These cacklers shame will not abash,  
Sense check, nor honour bind,—so try the lash!

### A DRAMATIC SCHOOL TREAT.

A TRIUMPH has at last been achieved by the School of Dramatic Art. At a recent performance, for the benefit of that Establishment, of a new Play by Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, founded upon *Bleak House*, a Miss DOROTHY DENE, a young Lady described by a contemporary as "a pupil,"—it does not say whether she is the sole pupil on the books,—appeared in the part of *Hester Summerson* with marked success. "She displayed," continues the approving Critic, "qualities reflecting much credit on that Institution;" and as if to emphasise their quite exceptional character, he adds that "to the charm of a pretty face and liamom figure,"—valuable accomplishments, by the way, and reflecting the highest credit on the curriculum,—"a knowledge of the requirements of the Stage such as has usually to be gained by experience."

It was only natural that after such a signally successful and almost unexpected issue to the combined and protracted efforts of all the earnest patrons, vice-presidents, noblemen, professors, officers of the general Staff, well-wishers, acrobats, popular lecturers, and others who have had the interests of the cheery little struggling concern so much at heart, they should meet to celebrate what might be regarded as the culling of the first ripe fruit of their united and assiduous labours; and at the last usual monthly meeting of the Council it was at once proposed that the matter should be made the subject of some official and congratulatory notice.

The motion being agreed to without any very disagreeable or serious discussion, the Regius Professor of Construction, Dr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, D.A.S., and Official Adapter-General to the Institution, whose clever Drama had played such an important part on the occasion, was voted into the Chair, and proceeded, amidst deafening cheers, which lasted some minutes, and were with difficulty suppressed, in a few brief words to address the meeting.

He said: He thanked them all for that manifestation of feeling, on which he could only put but one construction, and that was, that whatever he had done to *Bleak House*, it was quite clear the Council didn't think he had brought the interests of the Institution to a Dead-lock. (Roars of laughter.) He put the best construction on those jeers. Indeed, his whole life had been spent in putting the best construction he could upon everything he could lay hands upon. (Renewed laughter.) He would instance the present play as a case in point. He had looked carefully at *Bleak House*, and, being convinced that, situated as it was, it was bound to suffer from a frost, what had he done? Why, he had pulled it down, and reconstructed it altogether. Yet it had bothered him not a little. He did not see his way at first to getting rid of *Tulkinghorn*. Yet he had said to himself, "*Tulkinghorn* must be killed by hook or by crook!" Then the happy thought struck him, "*Why not by Krook?*" His auditors knew the rest. They had seen how admirably he had been assisted by the representative of the character, Mr. H. CAMPBELL. But for the skill of that clever Actor, it would have been quite impossible for him to have introduced the great feature in *Krook's* part—the spontaneous combustion. Many an Actor can make an effective exit, but it wants a very subtle acquaintance with Stage-business indeed to enable him "go off" in sight of the whole audience. (Cheers.) Indeed, he might say with truth that no Actor could do this even once without being a thoroughly finished Artist. Yet, Mr. H. CAMPBELL had accomplished it with "a realism," as a contemporary *Gaily* remarked, "that could not well have been surpassed." (Loud laughter.) The only puzzle to him now was how to reconstruct Mr. H. CAMPBELL. (A Voice—"You'll do it!") He believed he could. (Cheers.) Still, he did not ignore the difficulties that beset the path of a dramatic Author. He had no doubt that in giving a proper Stage-shape to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, for instance, he should find it necessary to cut out that personage himself entirely from the cast, and making *Pecksniff* the hero, let him ultimately be shot by Mrs. Gamp. He mentioned no names, but he trusted that with this little change effected in the story, a distinguished and accomplished Lady Amateur might be disposed to look not unfavourably at the part. ("Hear!") He also had hopes of putting one or two more of DICKENS'S

useful novels into "adapted" shape, and he conceived that two or even three might be rolled into one, if necessary. It was merely a question of cast. For the matter of that, if a theatre had a company of heavy salaries who could play the parts, why should not *Dombey*, *Mr. Squeers*, and *Fagin* all figure in the self-same piece? They might be brothers ("Hear!") they might be cousins—they might be anything. (Cheers.) What did it matter as long as they were all got in and provided with a good situation a-piece? That was the constructor's real business—to act like the proprietor of a registry office for servants and be continually providing everybody with good situations. ("Hear!") Sometimes a single Actor wanted several for himself, and then, in making the play, he, the learned Professor, found it necessary to ask that Actor how long it was since he left his last situation, and then provide him instantly with another. Indeed, it was a long familiarity with such a system that had enabled him to collaborate in the production of his celebrated *All for Him!* (Loud cheers.) And after that remark he thought he could not better conclude his observations than by expressing a fervent wish that their graceful and accomplished pupil, who had made so satisfactory a first appearance, might find her well-deserved success result in a decided and substantial *Haul for Her!*

The speech of the learned Professor was received with enthusiastic cheering, and he was about to resume his seat, when it being intimated that a strange Lady and Gentleman were waiting outside in the hall with a youthful pupil, and had asked for a Prospectus of the School Fees, the Meeting, after a hurried vote of thanks to the Chairman, hastily adjourned and rushed out to see what was up.

### CALLED BACK AND PULLED UP.

*The English Illustrated Magazine*, published by MACMILLAN, is well worth two sixpences instead of one, if only for its admirable engravings. Excellent is the spirited account given by Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES in this number of "How I Became a War Correspondent." But Mr. HUGH CORWAY, merely because he has done one *Wilkie-Collins-cum-Le-Fanu* like book, *Called Back*, should not trade upon this, and pose as a literary Fat Boy who "wants to make your flesh creep," and write such rubbish as *Paul Vargas, a Mystery*,—the sort of story that any one who has once gone in for this kind of thing could run off the reel by the yard. Mr. VICE-VERSA-ANSTET-GUTHRIE made the same sort of firework success, followed by similar mistakes. Everything else is bright and artistic in MACMILLAN'S *English Illustrated* for April, but this one story—which is a Mac-Millan-choly mistake. Why, the weakest of Mrs. RIDDELL'S *Weird Stories* is worth a dozen of *Paul Vargas*.

If Mr. HUGH CORWAY had called it "A Sell" instead of "A Mystery"—Stay! is that what he meant, after all? If so, as a practical joke, he has succeeded. But the experiment is dangerous, as when a Magazine is taken in by the Public, the Public doesn't like being taken in by a Magazine,—not even by one writer in it.

By the way, Mr. JAMES PAYN'S *Literary Recollections*, in the *Cornhill*, are very amusing. But the *Giant's Robe* is too long, drag, and wants cutting—or, being a robe, perhaps it only requires a little trimming.

### Redistribution of Seats.

On the pests who use seats in the House to brew storms,  
Mr. Punch would inflict a sharp sentence;  
All Members who make a bad use of its "forms,"  
Should be shunted to Stools—of repentance!

SHAKESPEARIANA.—We read in the paper that at the Southwark Police-Court the other day—

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 66, a tall, powerful-looking man, was placed at the bar, before Mr. BRIDGE, charged with being drunk and riotous in Meadow Row, New Kent Road, and assaulting GEORGE BOWEN, 174 M, and HENRY FITZGERALD, 154 M, in the execution of their duty."

We have heard of a certain Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE who wrote Comedies and Tragedies, and who did not always behave himself as well as he should. In fact at one time he was in the hands of keepers,—not as a lunatic, but as a poacher. Possibly the Gentleman above-mentioned is a descendant. Why did not some enterprising Manager secure him, get him to write a Tragedy, and advertise an "entirely new play by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE"? What an attraction, too, he might have been at the Shakspearian Show at the Albert Hall in May! Unfortunately he found "the quality of Mersey is not strained" at the Southwark Police-Court, even for WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, for Mr. BRIDGE was inconsiderate enough to sentence him to six months' hard labour. We commend him to the attention of the Shakspearian Society when he comes out.

LATEST BULLETIN ABOUT W. E. G.—"Vox, et praterca,—Nil." (Signed) R-XD-LPH CH-CH-LL, M.D.



## IN MEMORIAM.

H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY. BORN APRIL 7, 1853. DIED MARCH 28, 1884.

With what a shock of sorrow, what arrest  
Of a whole Nation's pulse, the tidings fell  
Like mid-day darkness! Young and loved so well!  
A Prince whose ripening promise bore the test,  
All-searching, of comparison with him  
Whose passing moved a people to true tears;  
Whose memory not the fame-defeating years,  
Nor sold detraction's breath can ever dim.

Good ALBERT's son, in him there seemed again  
To live the cultured grace, the golden speech,  
That won the English heart, and seemed to teach  
The life of Courts a higher, prouder strain.  
The golden bough is broken, in mid-Spring  
The glad leaves fall! She who might fondly trace  
The well-loved father in the son's calm face,  
Is doubly stricken. Might affection bring,

On a great Nation's sorrow-stricken lips,  
Some comfort to the mother, the young wife  
Mourning untimely that much-treasured life,  
Some lessening of the darkness of eclipse,  
How vocal were our offering! But the gold  
Of sympathetic silence now seems best,  
Though many tongues hereafter shall attest  
Love for the memory of LEOPOLD!





PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS No 7: KILLING TIME IN THE LORDS

## SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 24.—Debate on Franchise Bill opened by Lord JOHN MANNERS. Most ladylike speech. Full of italics, notes of admiration, and several postscripts, concluding by Greek quotation done into English, imploring House, if they must kill him, might he ask that he should at least see his fate, and die in the open face of day?

Lord FITZMAURICE soothed to sleep by MANNERS's manner. Woke up just in time to hear the peroration. Rising hurriedly, and rubbing his eyes, he said, "Perhaps the Noble Lord will give notice of that question."

JOHN BRIGHT sitting in old corner-seat below Gangway, ready for another tussle with opponents of Parliamentary Reform. House filled up to hear him. Curious to see him sitting there as nervous as if the clock had been put back forty years, and he were about to make maiden speech. Face flushed, lips dry, and hand fitfully clutching at paper. Liberals gave him good hearty cheer when on his legs. This seemed to do him good, but he faltered through opening sentences. These bore directly upon Lord JOHN's speech, and proved to be the best part of his oration. On the whole, a woeful falling off from old times. As positive as ever, but so pointless! Once protested that he "could not turn his back on himself," but goes back on himself in pitiful poverty-stricken way. The Cave, long ago worn out, brought on Stage again; also the quotation from himself about the alternative of Ireland being unmoored and set again in the sea two thousand miles to Westward.

House listened respectfully but not without sorrowful disappointment, and as dinner-time came, Members, whom GLADSTONE on same subject held in thrall till the soup was cold and fish spoiled, openly dropped off in twos and threes. Fact is, there is no fight in the business. Conservatives don't dare meet Reform Bill with negative. Go blowing on it harmless side wind that means nothing. House naturally depressed on threshold of six nights' talk leading up to inevitable and unalterable conclusion.

Best speech of night JEMMY LOWTHER's. JAMES not to be tied and bound down by political exigencies. Never liked Reform. Doesn't like it now, and no kicking-strap will keep his heels off the splash-board. Having something definite to say, he says it; perhaps not always accurately but vigorously, and with contagious cheerfulness. No racing in false colours for JAMES. No pulling on the course. He runs straight both at Newmarket and Westminster, and the people he runs up against don't like him the less for it.

Business done.—First night's debate on Franchise Bill.

Tuesday.—Another day absolutely wasted. RANDOLPH came up fresh with old inquiry, "What's your policy in Egypt?" This goes on till Five. Then Cattle Plague Bill on. Speeches made by friends of the Bill up to almost last moment, when JOSEPH GILLIS stepped in, and blandly talked Bill out. Pretty plain to me country won't stand this much longer. If House doesn't dissolve itself, will be done for them. Shall have, instead of PRIDE's Purge, the People's Purge. Been getting my Election Address ready. Here's the first draft:—

"To the Electors of Barks.—Gentlemen, when I first solicited your suffrages, I followed long-established usage, describing my political principles and alluding to questions of the day. But *otter long oter merce*, as they say on *le Continent*. The old times when the House of Commons was a political assembly governed by rules of conduct acceptable among Gentlemen are gone by, and learning, culture, and eloquence are no longer of account. I move with the times, and I trust I shall feel equal to their present requirements.

"Whilst, Gentlemen, I therefore say nothing on political questions, I assure you that my health is good, my voice unimpaired, and as to considerations of what is due to public service and to the dignity of the House, I have carefully eliminated them. I can sit up all night without any refreshment save of a liquid nature, and I am good for howling through the following day if necessary. I will make alliances with any political party in the House in order to worry the Government. I will load the paper with questions of which I am careful to give oral notice, reading out every word. When a Minister answers, I wrangle with him and finally give notice to repeat the question on another day. All of which you will perceive takes up time and prevents business being done. When a Bill is before the House on a Wednesday, or at a Morning Sitting, and some hours' Debate has taken place, I come in at the last moment and talk it out, causing the whole sitting to go for nothing. I move the adjournment of the House in order to ask the Government who is responsible for OSMAN DIGNA's hair being cut. I bawl interruptions when Mr. GLADSTONE is on his feet, which irritates him and leads to a scene.

"In short, whilst originally I went to Parliament to help to get business done, I now ask your suffrages in order that I may be returned to prevent its accomplishment. What is now wanted as a proper recommendation for a Member of Parliament is a cast-iron constitution and a thorough contempt for the old traditions of Parliamentary life. These, Gentlemen, are mine, and I am yours to command."

"TOBY."

Fancy that 'll fetch 'em.

Wednesday.—Been quite in the nursery line to-day. WARTON got on his Patent Medicines Bill, and BRUCE his Infants (in Arms) Bill. This last a useful practical measure, in striking contrast with many crotchets House asked to consider. Clause One makes it a

misdeemeanor to hold any infant in a position that would bring its head where its feet ought to be. Clause Two regulates the heat of the bath, and, read in conjunction with Clause Five, will reduce the annual production, unhappily increasing, of parboiled infants. Clause Three provides for damages in cases where children have been (so-called) accidentally sat upon. Second Section of the Bill deals with perambulator question: Provides that on fine Spring or Summer days, when streets crowded, extra police (to be charged to the Rate-payers) shall be engaged to clear way for perambulators. All persons obstructing perambulators, or, in cases of previous convictions, openly objecting to be run over, may be taken before nearest Magistrates, and summarily dealt with.

Bill had very favourable reception. *INCH* moved rejection; on other hand, *HORACE* took his Davey in favour of it. Eminent legal opinion being thus divided, paternal instinct prevailed, and Second Reading carried by rattling majority. *Business done.*—Infants Bill read a Second time by 208 votes against 73.

*Thursday.*—"This is what the *Marchioness* would call 'a winner for WARTON,'" said Captain O'SHAY. *FIRTH* had called attention to wholesale blocking of Bills by intelligent representative of Bridport. Asked whether it was not wilful obstruction, *SPEAKER* could not say it came within letter of Rule, but was distinct violation of its spirit. Finished by throwing out broad hint to House to take the matter in its own hands. *WARTON* a little downcast.

"Cheer up, old man," said *LABBY*. "You're not at the end of your tether. House may growl, but it won't bite. Haven't been here so long as some people, but think I know the House pretty well. In all things that concern its own procedure, it's the most timid old woman in the world. There's not a Vestry in the kingdom would stand you for a fortnight. You are an exceedingly stupid person, vulgar in your manner, limited in your intelligence, neither good-humoured nor good-natured. Yet here you've been Session after Session sitting on the House like a nightmare, neither doing good yourself, nor letting other people do good. House grumbles and groans, protests its time's wasted, and that it's made the laughing-stock of the country, and does nothing more. And it'll go on doing nothing more till palings are pulled down somewhere. Don't distress yourself about to-night. You're quite safe; much safer than the prospects of public business."

More Debate on Franchise Bill. Lively speech from young *GEORGE RUSSELL* who has grit in him. Promising maiden oration from *LOWTHKE*, not "JEMMY," but *JAMES W. RAIKES* gloomily vitriolic.

"Looks as if he had risen from the tomb to whack *GLADSTONE* on the head and warn us against the Agricultural Labourer," said *HARCOURT*, in carefully subdued aside.

For hour or two House empty. *THOROLD ROGERS*, moving softly about in new pair of patent leather pumps, whispers his latest epigram by way of cheering depressed spirits of few Members present:

"What lawyers, and critics, and artists have felt,  
Your *COLERIDGES*, *RUSSELLS*, and *FROSTS*,  
Is that *LAWES* is a far better sculptor than *BELT*,  
For he's chiselled him out of his costs."

Towards eleven o'clock, when we ought to be going home, having done good night's work, *CHAMBERLAIN* appears. House filled up. Scene grows lively. *CHAMBERLAIN*—"mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat"—plods pleasantly along, dropping little bits of hot sealing-wax all over Conservative Benches, which are in constant commotion. "Like popped corn on the frying-pan," as Mr. *CHARLES RUSSELL* (who has been to America) observes.

*Business done.*—Further Debate on Franchise Bill.

*Friday.*—Sad news to-night. Young *ALBANY*'s dead—dead ere his prime. A blameless, kindly gentleman, with scholarly instincts and a great desire to do his duty. Question whether House should forthwith adjourn? No precedent found for such course. Ministers wisely decline to make one. All very well to postpone festivities, but House of Commons not a festive scene. So, having dried our eyes, got to work again. *Business done.*—Farmer *PELL*'s Local Taxation Resolution carried against Government by 208 against 197.

QUITE A LITTLE SURPRISE.—Last Friday, England was suddenly informed by the Correspondents, who represent the Wise Men of the East, that the War was over, and the troops were coming back. No more flourish about the announcement than there would have been had the troops gone out for a holiday, to a tea-fight, and were returning the same evening. The War over? Dear me! is it, really? What's the line in *Tom Thumb*? "Rebellion's dead! and now we'll go to breakfast!" But stop—ain't there someone still out there in a difficulty? Oh, yes, *GORDON*—General *GORDON*. Ah—yes—of course. Well, before this appears we shall probably have heard something more about him, but—anyhow—the War's over; and even if we are still fighting, still killing and being killed, yet we have it on the best authority the War is over, and it's all right. Ah! hum!—is it?

## SOMETHING LIKE A PUNISHMENT!

(A Fragment from the Records of a Court.)

COLD and shivering, the poor creature was torn from her home! A few hours before she had been warmly clad, and seated in front of a bright and cheerful fire. What a contrast! A biting cruel wind—her dress scarcely reaching to her neck, and certainly not covering an inch of arm!

Ah! she was too old for this cruelty! It would have tried the strength of her youngest daughter, so it was too much for her with her threescore years and more! Oh, the pity o' it, the pity o' it!

And she had led a comparatively blameless life. She was no political prisoner, she had been fairly just in all her dealings. Then why drag her forth like this—half naked—to face the cruel blast of a wintry forenoon?

But she had to face more than a wintry blast. For hours, as she was carried to the House of Detention, she had to run the gauntlet of a brutal mob thirsting to jeer at her wretchedness. A terrible ordeal this! There she sat in her vehicle of torture, while the very scum of a mighty city made her a target for their brutal jests!

And! then, weary and sick at heart, she became hungry! But, bound in many wrappings, she could not move. It was her part to suffer the pains of semi-starvation!

At length the march of degradation was over! The vehicle had rolled, step by step, yard by yard, through the mousing mob until it reached that gloomy pile which for a time was to become her prison. Her progress had been slow, but now she was hustled out of her conveyance, and pushed, half fainting, up a flight of steps. She noticed that she had many sister victims—some matrons like herself, some crones even older, some mere girls who had scarcely left the nursery—and one and all were cold and browbeaten. They had no strength left for resistance, and so yielded without a struggle to the rough treatment of the red-coated official who received them.

Our victim entered the stone hall. After a pause in a side room, where she was deprived of a poor cloak she had managed to fling around her before she was driven from home, she was hurried up a stone staircase lined with armed men, who roughly motioned her to proceed.

And now she found herself in a gloomy prison, guarded at its two entrances by more armed men, who carried halberds, and seemed prepared immediately to slaughter those from whom any kind of opposition might be expected. The apartment which she now occupied was full of fellow sufferers. The wind whistled through this room mournfully. In the centre were a few chairs, which had been fought for, and secured by the first-comers.

Hungry, cold, thirsty, and weary, our poor victim stood near a window, waiting to see what next would happen. At a signal of the armed men, the crowd of prisoners rushed, squabbling and pushing amongst themselves, into a new apartment, similar in appearance to the one they had just left. The moment they were all in, bars and chains were put up to keep them safe. Again and again was this change made, until at length our poor victim was nearly dead with fatigue.

And now the moment of supreme torture had arrived. Encumbered by a heavy garment, which nearly tripped her up, she was ordered to approach a group of gorgeously-attired strangers, who seemed to regard her without a vestige of compassion. But this was not enough. She was required to walk backwards! For a moment she refused. But men with swords and spears were there to overcome resistance! Broken down with hunger and fatigue, cold and old and miserable, she—

"But what is all this about?" interrupts the gentle Reader at this point. "Is Mr. *Punch* giving some details about a case of Venetian Torture in the olden time?"

"No," comes the answer. "Although the mistake is reasonable enough, Mr. *Punch* is doing nothing of the sort. He is merely recounting the adventures of a London Dowager attending a modern Drawing Room!"

"Dear me!" exclaims the gentle Reader. "The sketch reads more like the story of a visit to a prison than a sojourn in a palace!" And Mr. *Punch* agrees with him!

## SHAKESPEARE IN THE SOUDAN.

THERE is a *Parliament* that shapes our end,  
Rough *HEWETT*, how we will.

JOYFUL NEWS!—(From a *Reuter's Telegram*).—"Several Sheiks belonging to the Samarar, Damileh, and Hoorah tribes, formerly hostile to the British, arrived here last night." The Hoorah Tribes are friendly! Hoorah! No more fighting between the Hoorahs and the Hussars! Huzzah! Hoorah!

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# WATERLOO

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